# THE YOUNGEST MISS BROWN.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

(Author of "The House on the Marsh," "Beatrice Froyle's Crime," "The Heart of a Girl," etc.)

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Synopsis of Installments I and II.—
30b Deverill, the nephew and helr of a realthy Baronet, is staying at a boardteathy Baronet, is staying at a boardteathy Baronet, is staying at a boardteathy Baronet, is staying at a boardthe address, and let you know, if you be staying with them, a many of about his own age, whom she felt sure he would be address. Bob Deverill, the nephew and heir of a wealthy Baronet, is staying at a boarding house in Southport when he meets sisters, with the youngest of whom, Maggie, he falls deeply in love, with the expressed disapproval of a friend, who considers the girls to be rather susplicious characters, in which view he is confirmed by a fellow-boarder, who affirms that he knows Maggie to be a heartless jilt and flirt, if not worse, Regardless of remonstrances Devertil calls upon Maggie's people on his return to London, and is heartlly welcomed. None of the girls are to be seen, but the Major and Mrs, Brown help Deverill and other young men who have "dropped in" to pass a very pleasant evening. After playing Roulette for some time, and lossing considerably, the guests lense rather hurrledly, one of them asserting that he saw the Major cheat at the game. In spite of very serious doubts of the Major's respectability, Deverill, on meeting Maggie the following day, proposes to marry her, but is refused. He is certain that she is all that is good and innocent, and determines to find out how much she does know of her father's method of life.

CHAPTER III. with the expressed disapproval of a friend,

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Bob Deverill sauntered away from the corner where he had left Maggie Brown, so deeply absorbed in thoughts of her, and of the mystery surrounding her, that he did not hear a voice addressing him by his Christian name; and it was not until he felt a smart rap on the shoulder that, turning indignantly, he saw that his uncle, Sir Wilfred Deverill, was summoning him to stop with singing blows from his little cane, "Who was that girl you were seeing into the ominbus?" asked Sir Wilfred, who was a carefully dyed, well proserved man of some sixty-two or sixty-three years of age.

And it's by judicious animates that the corner is not chance of marriage, sir, as I've told you."

"Glad to hear it—for both your sakes. Good-night."

And the old gentleman went on with anod, and without inviting him to dinner, as he issually did when they men. Then resolved not to bear any longer the suspense about Maggie, which longer the suspense about Maggie, which was considerably more distressing to him than his rich uncle's displeasure, he jumped into a hansom and drove to state the corner is not chance of marriage, sir, as I've told you."

Cood-night."

And the old gentleman went on with a nod, and without inviting him to dinner, as he issually did when they men. Then resolved not to bear any longer the suspense about Maggie, which longer the suspense about Maggie which have the provided in the content of the content

wish it."

Sir Wilfred ignored the suggestion.

"Nou're filrting with this girl?"

"I have the greatest admiration for said shudden.

"Admirably divined. That's exactly what I do mean."

"There' no chance of that. She won't have me," said Deverill coolly,

"Hold out for terms," said Sir Wilfred laconically, "Well, you may be able to give the young lady a time some day, if I don't marry, But you will be able to give her precious little else, unless her family's all right. The firm has a position to keep up in the world, and it's by judicious alliances that that position is held and strengthened."

"There is no chance of marriage, sir, as I'ye told you."

who was a carefully dyed, well preserved man of some sixty-two or sixty-three years of age.

Deverill flushed as he answered:
"It was a Miss Brown, sir, a lady I met with her sisters at Southport."
Sir Wilfred looked at him keenly.
"Good-looking girl!" said he. "Who is she? Who are her people, I mean?"
"Her father's been in the army," said Deverill, hoping his sharpleyed uncle would not press the matter further.
But he did.
"Army. That's vague. Been in the army"—that's vaguer still. Where do they live?"
"Somewhere in Kensington, I think," said Deverill disingenuously, knowing how that little particle. "West" would have given away the "Kensington."

imped into a hansom and drove to Steele Court Gardens.

He had, he thought, given Maggle time to reach home in the orany-now, as on his previous visit, and when he took an early opportunity of asking after her daughter, she said that they were all dining with friends.

Doverill knew this was not true. Maggle throe to reach home in the orany-now, and when he took an early opportunity of asking after her daughter, she said that they were all dining with friends.

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# The Broad Street Bank

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yourself! You wouldn't have done that it you had thought hed rooked you, would you?

Doverill did not at once answer. The fact was that he had been so much relieved to, find that the Major had the saving grace of keeping his daughters out of the into that the Major had the saving grace of keeping his daughters out of the into the had yielded to an impulse which he felt was not wholly justified, and had taken in his a hand which he could not look upon as clean.

For the second time he made a resolve, when he got back to his chambers that night, that he would forget Mangfe if he could; for on the one hand it was plain that she did not care for him, and on the other, it was abundantly clear that Sir Wilfred, even if he had been a much more lenient and indulgent person than he was, would never have consented to his nephew's marrying into a family of such very dublous surrounding. For that he had been cheated at roulette, Deverill could not doubt.

And then again, try as he would to forget the whole matter, there would crop up that haunting question; how much did poor Maggie know?

He was not quite sure whether he was glad or sorry that he did not know where the tarce girls were staying; for while, on the one hand, he congratulated himself upon the impossibility of his seeing them again, and told happen, yet he found himself yearning for a sight of her pretty face, for a glance of her bright eyes, for the sound of her fresh young voice.

And when, ten days later, he caught sight of the girl herself stepping with her sister Aline out of a hansom in Regent Street, his heart leapt up within him, and no earthly considerations of prudence could have prevented his springing forward to help them to alight.

He was struck by the transformation in their appearance. Instead of the two shabbily-dressed girls whom he remembered, he saw before him two graceful women in the smartest of tollettes, their gowns of fawn-colored cloth showing off the saw before him twith a bush and a beaming smile which fanned his slumbering passion i "Not at all like those two horrid young men you met here the other day," she said with a pretty little shrug and shudder. "I don't know where the Major picked up that Lord William Coulsaidon, but he and the friend he brought—Ashe, he called himself, you know, though I have grave doubts whether that was his real name!—were the most terrible persons. 'Snorkers' the Major calls them! I do hope they didn't make themselves offensive to you that night as they went out! They were just the sort of people who might!"

"Oh, no," said Deverill, looking down uneasily, not caring to meet the rather searching gaze of the little woman's pretty dark eyes.

He did so wish those eyes of her's were not so like Maggie's!

"I'm so glad!" coeed Mrs. Brown, with a sigh. "But really they were capable of anything. They came here a few nights afterwards and wanted to play cards for an hour. But the Major had to refuse, You know how good-natured he is! But be felt he really must draw the line somewhere!"

"Oh. certainly," said Deverill vaguely,

At that moment he heard voice of the Major, who came into the room the next minute, with a rather foolish-looking young man two or three years younger than Deverill, and greeted the newcomer with effusion.

Deverill had by this time a pretty

young men will play for are quite alarming to me!"
"Thank you, Mrs. Brown," said he very deilherately, and with a steady look which made her flush, "I never play for higher stakes than I can afford."
He turned away with some coolness, and he saw as Grainger, who was obviously very young and very inexperienced, addressed some casual remark to him, that Mrs. Brown made a sign to her husband, and whispered a few words to him which made his glance askance at his latest victim.
The next moment, genial, expansive, Major Brown was coming up to both the young men, and asking them if either could give them a song.

great vigor.
"I say, you know, do you think these
people are all right?" began Grainger,
as soon as they were salefly out of
ear-shot.
"How all right?" asked Deverill short-

"How all right?" asked Deverill shortly.

"Well, you know, there's a lot of
gambling goes on there, and it's an odd
thing that however the luck changes in
the course of the evening, it's pratty
sure to end in one or other of the
Browns having collared most of the
money, Of course I don't want to be
the first person to suggest such a thing,
but now, do you yourself think it's quite
on the square?"

Deverill hesitated. Then he asked
abruptly:

"Why do you stay there, if you have

"Why do you stay there, if you have ny ideas of that sort?"
"Well, you see, they're awfully folly copie, and I'm alone in town, so felt uite grateful when they showed me a title attention and asked me to stay

little attention and asked the to stay with them. And I say, who are these daughters you talk about, eh?"

"Oh, I think they have daughters," said Deverill hastily.

"Why, you know they have. Mrs. Brown said they happened to be out." But they've never happened to be in during the four days I've been there."

"It I were you! I wouldn't stay there."

She even made a more decided attempt than on the previous occasion to prevent any sort of gambling after dinner. But the Major and the second guest, whose name was Grainger, overruled her, and they played poker until Deverill had lost nearly two hundred pounds, of which a little—a very little, had been won by Grainger, and the rest by one or other of the Browns.

Again he thought he saw an uneasy look in the lady's eyes as she glanced at her husband, and Deverill said quietly: "I'll write you out a check, Major." "All right, my boy," said Brown, as he chose himself a cigar. "You've come off badly this time, I'm afraid, but beginners have to learn. what had become of you. Where are you going?"

"Shopping!" said Maggie, with her eyes sparkling, "The most fascinating occupation ever invented. At least, I Deverill, think so. Poor Aline doesn't because she has just been to the dentist's and She has just been to the dentist's and She law.

ginners have to learn.

"Yes." said Doverill, who had learnt more than the other knew, but not perhaps more than Mrs. Brown guessed.

She led Deverill away to the end of the drawing-room, and looking up into his face, with a pathetic little glance, said in her lisping voice:

"My dear Mr. Deverill, you really mustn't mind an old woman like me speaking freely to you, but can you afford to loose so much? The stakes you young men will play for are quite alarming to me!"

Mrs. Brown," said he

"Couldn't you induce one or your care to sing, Major Brown," said Devters to sing, Major Brown," said Devters to sing, Major Brown," said Devters to sing, looking him full in the face with crill, looking him full in the face with the country of the said of the country of the said of the country of the said of the country of the countr "We have seen devening."

A secret hope animated him that these words, thus unexpectedly spoken, would draw forth some reassuring explanation that the three girls were not Major Brown's daughters at all, but related to him in some remoter degree.

But the Major's red face changed; the

Aline looked rather grave.
"I don't know what Claudia would ay-" she began.

But the Major's red face changed; the merry twinkle went out of his eyes, and gave place to a flashing look of indignation, which was, perhaps, more absurd than touching in the circumstances, "My daughters, Mr. Deverill, I don't have to gamblers," he said curtly, and in a voice just loud enough for his wife to hear.

She tripped across the room to the two men, her face wreathed in uneasy emiles.

Aline sighed, murmured, gave way.
The poor girl, was indeed, longing to
go quietly home, and she suffered herself to be put in a hansom, not without
a faint protest, charging her sister earnestly not to be late.
"Where shall I tell him, asked Deverill, when the hansom doors were shut.
Aline grew red, stammered.
"Oh, oh, Waterloo, please," said she,
I Then as she thought he looked surestred the sided quietly. "We are shay-"Hugh, my dear Hugh, you forget," she said, seizing him by the arm with what appeared to be no such very gentle grip, "Mr. Deverlli knows the dear girls. It was they who invited him here." And she turned to Bob himself: "It is most unlucky that you have happened they were out, I

And she turned to Bob himself: "It is most unlucky that you have happened to come each time when they were out, but I hope—"

The Major's voice, resolute and even megacing, broke in:

"And they always will be out when card-playing's going on. I don't approve of girls having anything to do with games of chance."

Deverill was strangely touched by the evident sincerity in the man's voice. He turned to him and said simply:

"You're quite right." And, contrary to his first impulse, which had been to leave the flat with a curt bow only, he shook the Major by the hand as he bade him good-night.

Grainger, who was staying at the flat offered his companionship to Deverill for part of his way home, and Deverill stw Mrs. Brown bite her lip and frown at her husband as the two young men went out together.

The flat was on the first floor, and when Deverill and his companion got downstairs, the former fancied he heard, through the open windows of the Brown's drawing-room, the sound of Mrs. Brown's yole, 'nagging' at her husband with great vigor.

"I say, you know, do you think these."

Anne grew rea sallance, "Oh, oh, Waterloo, please, "Said she, Then as she thought he looked surfred she added quickly: "We are staying with friends—at Croydon."

For one moment the remembrance of the ugly mystery, of the fve trees of the life at the flat, made him series to the winself to be entering. The next, he caught sight of the radiant face of the beautiful Maggie, and prudence, discretion, flew to the winself over away, and he found himself once of the beautiful Maggie, and prudence, discretion, flew to the winder of the beautiful Maggie, and prudence, discretion, flew to the winder of the beautiful Maggie, and prudence, discretion, flew to the winder of the beautiful Maggie, and prudence, discretion, flew to the winder of the beautiful Maggie, and prudence, discretion, flew to the winder of the beautiful Maggie, and prudence, discretion, flew to the winder of the beautiful Maggie, and prudence, discretion, flew to the winder of the be

gested.
"Oh, yes, I should like that!" almost sobbed Maggle, who was in a state of preposterous gleefulness, scarcely able to contain her joy, which bubbled over in little happy chuckles and sparkling

In little happy chuckles and sparkling smiles.

"And now what theatre shall it be?"

"The Galety," said Maggie promptly.
Deverill laughed. He was a little surprised, almost disconcerted, by this unhesitating answer.

"And the Savoy for luncheon?"

"Oh-h-h, yes!"

"Very well then, Here we are," And he halled a hapsom, and helped her in, "They'll treat us better there than they did at the bunshop!"

Maggie's laugh rang out merrily.

"Oh, that was nice, too." said she, "There was a sort of piquancy about keeping up one's spirit in such a funcary place!"

"It won't be such an effort to-day,"

"It won't be such an effort to-day,"

place!"
If won't be such an effort to-day,"
It won't be such an ef

asid she, leaning back in the hansom and watching the busy crowd, and not noticing the sudden alteration in the face of her companion at these words. "About ten days ago he came to see us (we are staying at Croydon, you know-Mama doesn't think it is good for Aline to live in London), and he gave us each a tenpound note, and life's been a sort of paradise ever since.

Deverill listened to this speech with mingled feelings of interest, pity and a sort of terror. He guessed whose money it was that had provided the Major's "stroke of luck," and the knowledge that it was the two hundred which the Major had obtained from him by unfair play filled him with a sort of sick dismay on the one hand, and on the other with a tender pity for these three poor girls, which, in the case of the beautiful creature beside him, accentuated the passion with which she had inspired him, "A very cheap paradise!" said he, after a moment's pause.

"Chenp! Do you think so? Ten pounds!" And she turned to him again with which she of girlish fun in her cyes which was one of her greatest otherms. "Well, you see we're not used to the society of millionaires," she went on, with a demure little glance, "We looked upon it as quite a respectable fortune, And then besides."

She stopped short, and bit her lip. "Besides what?" said he.

on, with a demure little glacke.

looked upon it as quite a respectable fortune. And then besides—"

She stopped short, and bit her lip.

"Besides what?" said he.

"Well, you know, if it hadn't been for this, I couldn't have gone to luncheon and the theatre! To turn up in rags at the Savoy is just one of the things that one can't do!" She Isughed, and he laughed, and then she added with a sudden change to demure gravity: "How shocked Claudia would be at my telling you all this! Although you know It all quite well without my telling! She would say I was 'lacking in reticence.' Wouldn't she? You know Claudia!"

"She would be quite wrong though. At least, she would be wrong if she meant to scold you. I like to hear just what you think," said Deverill, who felt himself slipping more than ever under the spell.

"I don't say such thlings to everybody,"

different."
"That's what I like you to feel," said

Deveril, putting strong constraint upon himself, in order that he might speak with the judicious mixture of confidence with the judicious mixture of confidence and coolness which she preferred.

"I shouldn't tell anybody else that I wanted to go to the 'Galety,' 'Che added quickly. 'It sounds so very-frivolous, I think even you looked rather surprised when you heard me say so."

"I think I was a little," admitted Deverill. 'I had a sort of feeling that you ought to have chosen a classical concert, or an improving lecture."

She laughed merrily.
"I thought so, And to some people

be occupation ever invented. At least, if occupation ever invented. At least, if occupation ever invented. At least, if think so. Poor Aline doesn't because she has just been to the dentist's and she can't forget the fact."

"Well, it's better to be coming from than going to the dentist's, at any rate," said Deverill, cheerfully. "Don't you think so, Miss Aline?"

"I don't know," said she rather weefully. "I feel as if, instead of having on eaching tooth, I now have a dozen!"

"Oome and have some luncheon at the Savoy," suggested Deverill, "and go to a morning performance afterwards, and laugh the pain away."

Aline shooke her head.

"No, thank you," said she. "I couldn't eat or laugh to-day, really. Maggie eat or laugh to-day, really. Maggie, eat or laugh to-day, really. Maggie, eat or laugh to-day, really must be so much as to get home and bury my head in a sofa-cushlon."

Maggie, whose pretty brown eyes had suddenly grown twice their normal size at Deverill's invitation, put a pleading hand on her sister's arm.

"Oh, Aline, don't you think you could?" whispered she. And her voice trembled with excitement. "It would be so lovely."

"Look here, Miss Aline," said Deverill, nimbly taking advantage of his opportunity, "I can see you're in pain, and that you won't he comfortable till you can lie down quietly and get a little sleep. Will you let me put you into a hansom, and I'll take care of Miss Maggie and see that she doesn't spend too much money, in the first place, and I'll undertake to keep her fed and amused for the rest of the afternoon, and brill sake care of Miss Maggie and see that she doesn't spend too much money, in the first place, and I'll undertake to keep her fed and amused for the rest of the afternoon, and brill sake care of Miss Maggie and see that said anything else she wants to buy."

"Oh!" said Maggie.

And the feeling that he must marry the first place and the first place and the first provided he might look at her and mere ther eyes, he took his tone from the first place, and I'll undertake

path through the world for her, green stronger as the afternoon wore on, and she enjoyed the fun and the sparkle of the Galety variety entertainment as she had enjoyed the luncheon.

So that when they came out into the gloom of a drizzling October evening, he pleaded with her not to go home yet.

"You must have dinner first," said he.

"Oh, not dinner. I don't mind a cup of tea at an A. B. C.," said she.

"Nonsense. You know very well there's no more harm in dinling than in having tea."

"Oh, yes, but there is," said she, "Curates have cast a sort of sanctity over a cup of tea and a buttered scone, while about the very word 'dinner' there's a certain suggestion of go-aheadedness which is just what Claudia would disapprove."

a certain suggestion of go-aheadedness which is just what Claudia would disapprove."

"We'll have tea and a buttered scone between the soup and the fish," said Deverbil with decision. "That will decodorize the dinner, won't it?"

She was too happy to hold out, and Deverlil began to ask himself whether she were not also too fond of him. For she had begun, as the afternoon went on, to give him from time to time a little smile of pleasure without saying anything, which he told himself with a flutter of the heart, a girl only bestows upon a man she cares about.

So they went to Gatti's and sitting in the upstairs room, chatted and exchanged comments upon the performance while they walted for their dinner.

There were the first diners to arrive, for it was still early, and thus they were able to enjoy the pleasure of a solltary tete-a-tete, in which they were so much absorbed that they did not notice the rapid entrance of a visitor until they were both startled by a thundering rap of a man's fist upon the table at which they were sitting.

"Papal" cried Maggie in alarm, as she sat back and stared at the Major, whose dark face was livid with rage.

Deverill started up, frowning and indignant,

"What do you mean by this, sir?" he

dignant, "What do you mean by this, sir?" he

stammered angrily.

The Major could scarcely speak for

rage.
"What do I mean by it? I, I! What do you mean, you scoundrel, by taking my daughter about, and bringing her to places like this? What do you mean, I Maggie interrupted him, seizing him Maggie interrupted him, seizing him her the sleeve, her face white, and the

by the sleeve, her face white, and the lears in her eyes.
"Papa, papa, what do you mean? Don't you understand? How can you be so silly! He's done me the greatest honor a man can do. He-he-" her voice dropped to the prottiest whisper-"he wants me to marry him!"

The Major gasped, staggered, turned to the young man.
"Good God, you don't-you don't mean it!" said he hoarsely.

Deverill, struck dumb, bowed his head for all answer.

for all answer.

The shady Major gave him one long look, turned with a broken word to his daughter, and then, suddenly giving way to overwhelming emotion, sank into a chair by the table, and burying his head in his arms, burst into tears.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

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## Underwear.

Summer weight, fine combed yarn. Shirts have French necks, pearl buttons; drawers have double reinforced seats, knickerbockers and long lengths for the boys; very special, 25e each. Men's Negligee Shirts. The material is English madras; large assortment of light and dark patterns, extra full size, gathered yokes; real 50c shirt, Monday, special,

## Forty gauge fine combed Egyptian yarn. Shirts have long and short sleeves, French inserted necks; drawers have reinforced seats and French back straps, long length and knickerbockers for the boys; regular 75c quality, 50c per garment. Men's Silk Embroidered Cotton Half Hose

briggan Underwear.

## Men's Night Robes.

The Garb and Night Robe, made of the best cambric, some with collar, some without collars; some trammed white, others plain white; a regular 75c robe, for 50c.

### Table Linens and Towels.

Do not miss these special values. They are indeed worthy of your immediate attention. To those furnishing their city homes, country homes or hotels, this is an especially attractive sale.

si inches wide, the old-fashioned Scotch patterns; 60c a yard usually, now 35c. Table Linen.

Dinner Napkins. Full bleached, satin finish, beautiful patterns, 20 and 22 inches square; well worth \$1, now 75c.

## Huck Towels. All white borders, strong and dura-fle, size 17x3i inches; 12 1-2c values, at 10c.

# The K, and E. Boy's Madras Blouse Waists, some in colors, with or without collars, in white and colors, all sizes, 50c.

\$1.25 Tussah Silk Reduced 89c. A new Silk fabric with a loose mesh, which is really very firm, because the irregular crinkled threads of the wool are held in their places by a straight warp, each thread of the filling so knotted in that it can't silp. At the same time the mesh isn't so open as to necessitate a silk lining.

## Wool Dress Goods.

Panama is made from wool that is somewhat wiry in finish, similar to mohalr, and will give unusually good service. This season it has been so much used for tailored suits and walking costumes that at times we have been put to our wits end to supply the colors most in demand.

Full supply now, perfectly plain weaves.

Mohair Dress Goods. For serviceable shirt-waist suit and separate skirt, what could be better than mohair? Full line of colors, in plain and fancy, 50c to \$1.50. Sheppard Plaid Dress Goods.

# Special Mohair, 50c. Worsted Plaids, 15c to \$1. Shower-Proof Suiting, regular price \$1.25, Monday 80c.

Women's Pretty \$4.25 White Shirtweist Dresses \$3.00.

When you can get a particularly goodlooking White Dress of sheer lawn
for \$3, what's the use of bothering
having one fitted and made, only to
pay more?
Large orders brought each of these
\$1,3 less than usual.
The waist has two side panels, embroidered with blossoms, and the middlo panel, full sleeves; every detail
of the dress is late spring style.

### Mattings.

New arrival in Jap and China Mat-tings, the largest, most complete stock in the city, 15c to 85c a yard,

married in America). Ella Pitman, Dora Binir.

Japanese Indies: Misses Bessie Bates, Japanese Indies: Misses Bessie Bates, Japanese Indies: Misses Bessie Bates, Japanese Indies: Misses Bates, Japanese Indies: Misses Bates, Japanese Indies: Misses Mary Grabree, Fannie Fitzserland, Annie Laurder and Indies: Misses Mary Grabree, Fannie Fitzserland, Annie Laurder and Indies: Misses Mary Grabree, Fannie Fitzserland, Annie Laurder and Indies: Misses Mary Grabree, Fannie Fitzserland, Annie Laurder and Indies: Misses Mary Grabree, Fannie Fitzserland, Annie Laurder and Indies: Misses Mary Grabree, Fannie Fitzserland, Annie Laurder and Indies: Misses Mary Grabree, Fannie Fitzserland, Annie Laurder and Indies: The uniforms. regalia and scenery showed and arrangement. The voice of the public was for a second rendition of the Yellow Peril. A reception, tendered by the Wassian Manchuria. Time, during Risson, Japanese War.

The above talented young ladies, under

# Table Damask. 58 Inches wide. Linen, new line of patterns. Heavy quality. Well 49c

Linen Finished Toweling, Red and blue borders, for hand, roller and tea towels; worth & a yard, marked 5c,

# A Good Time to Buy Boys' Bloure Wash Waists

# New Silk Petticoats at 98c.

Black, deep accordeon flounce; others with sectional shirred flounce, finished with two shirred ruffles; usually \$1.50, for this sale 198c. Panama Cloths at 50c, 75c and \$1. Women's Underclothes about Half Price.

# Marching orders have come to all solled and tumbled Underclothes—Corset Covers and Petticoats mostly. Broken sizes, small prices, many half of Saturday's; don't fall to see the wonderful bargains at 50c and \$1. Great Sale of White Wash

Goods.

White Mercerized Batiste, 48 inches wide, fine and sheer; the very thing for graduation gowns, hangs in soft, sliky folds, 50e a yard.

French Lawns, fine and sheer, 46 inches wide, washes beautift dy; ransing in prices from 10e to 45e a yard. Thine, 8heer White Organdy, 34 inches wide, at/12 1-2e.

Fancy Drawn Work Waisting, beautiful over colors, at 20e.

White Oxford Suiting, 3i inches wide, with waven dot; the very thing for separate skirts, at 15e a yard, satin finish, in a variety of pretty, excellent value, at 25e a yard.

Mercerized Madras, with beautiful satin finish, in a variety of pretty, eat designs; your choice of this lot, 25e a yard.

India Linon, 40 inches wide, at 11e, white Figured Madras, neat and pretty; 12 1-2c value, for 8 1-5e a Goods.

Silk and Cotton Nezeraine, 50c. A new summer fabric, all the delicate spring colors, in this beautiful gauze weave; will wash.

121/2c for Cotton Voile.

Was 16 2-3, 20 and 25c.

They are checks, flecks and various designs, all of them made to imitate expensive woolen stuffs and did it wonderfully well, a their original price.

Still More White Sale Linen

for Shirt Waists and Suits.

Whatever is wanted, you may coun on getting at less than the usual cost

Mexican Linen, for shirt waists and sults, also good for furniture cover-ing; 36 inches wide, special price

Linen Sheeting, 2 1-2 yards wide, \$1.25 kind, . \$1.